

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A fatal accident occurred on Saturday last at the Huhn & Hunt mine whereby Thomas Donovan, an old resident, lost his life. Donovan went up to the mine on Saturday to fix up some things about it, and while engaged in taking out some timbers that was holding back a large embankment of dirt, a cave occurred, the end of one of the timbers, about a foot square, hitting him on the side of the head and pinning him to the ground and mashing his head flat, and the dirt covering his body, with the exception of one hand, which was sticking out of the dirt. Gus Adelman, not seeing Donovan around Saturday night or Sunday, and after making enquiries, but finding no person that had seen the missing man, in company with Judge Clapp, went up to the mine. They found the outer door of the tunnel leading to the shaft unlocked, but the inner one was locked. Tom's lunch bucket was in the blacksmith shop, but the lunch was untouched. After searching around the premises a few minutes, the body of the dead man was found in the position as above stated. Help was sent for and the body was extricated and brought down and placed in Protection House, washed and dressed, and on Tuesday morning the remains were buried in the Catholic Cemetery. Thomas Donovan was about 54 years of age and a native of Ireland. He landed in California in early days and he worked in the mines and mills of the Comstock for several years.

D. R. SESSON, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, arrived in Poché on Tuesday night's stage, and after transacting all business in connection with the schools, he left the next day. Mr. Sesson has filled the office which he now occupies very creditably and has done his utmost in perfecting the public school system of the State, and it is to be hoped that the gentleman who will hereafter fill the office to be vacated by Mr. Sesson, will succeed in giving that general satisfaction to the public which his predecessor has done.

DAY MINE.—In the Day work is being steadily urged ahead and a full force is employed. The 800-foot level has been reached, a station cut out and a drift started in the direction of the ore chamber, and work of sinking to the 900 level is now going on. The machinery has been overhauled and the little engine is doing good work, it not being necessary to use any windlasses in attaining this depth. This property grows more valuable as work progresses.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—Just received at the Golden Rule Dry Goods and Clothing Store, a new and select stock of the latest style of fine jewelry—Solid Gold and Rolled Gold—of every description, all of which I guarantee to be of the very best quality, and warranted as represented. Also a good assortment of Spectacles and Eye-glasses. Goods sold cheap for cash.

I. HYMAN.

IN TOWN.—Mr. T. C. Poujade and wife have been in town for the past week and are stopping at the residence of their son, J. Poujade, spending the holidays. Mr. T. C. appears to be "growing young with age," and if it were now for the silver hairs in his whiskers, a person would take him to be a young man of twenty-two years. Mr. Poujade expects to return to Ward some time during the coming week.

CHRISTMAS passed very quietly in Poché. The day was clear and bright and old Sol done his best to make it warm and pleasant. But old Santa Claus was around the night before and he did not fail to visit the houses and bestow upon all the little children pretty presents, thus making them happy.

PROCLAMATION.—Governor Kinkaid has issued a proclamation declaring who were the State and District officers elected at the last general election. It is very common for persons to ask the names of State officials and their initials, so it would be well for persons to cut out the proclamation and paste it up.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—The County Commissioners at their last meeting transferred the balance of the money from the redemption fund to the general fund. This is as it should be. If the holders of scrip on the redemption fund do not make their bids for the money the county should make use of it.

WARD is getting to be quite a lively place and there are a good number of people there and the vacant buildings are rapidly being inhabited. Work of placing the mill in order is going on, but Mr. Poujade says it will not be in readiness to start up for several weeks yet.

A LARGE double-compartment shaft is being sunk on the Cottontail mine in Jackrabbit District, there being two shifts employed in the work. Lynch has commenced working this property in earnest, a thing which should have been done long ago.

CHAS. STEIN publishes a notice under the head of "New Today," and he means what he says, when he invites all persons indebted to him to walk up to the captain's office and square their accounts, thereby saving themselves trouble and expense.

POCHÉ continues in a very healthy condition, there being little or no sickness.

JUDITH HAYES is expected to arrive on to night's stage.

BULLIONVILLE AND PANACA DOTS

There was a dance in Social Hall on the evening of the 28th.

The S. Co.'s concentrating tables will be ready to start by the first of the month.

There is a young masher in Bullionville who has neither respect for himself nor the young ladies with whom he associates.

Chas. Stein has rented Sultan's stone building and is preparing to open a saloon. As Charley is a jolly old tar, it is predicted that he will do well.

There was a very small attendance at the dance in Bullionville Christmas evening, but what it lacked in numbers was made up in sociability and good fellowship.

The naughty Bullionites have been doing all kinds of bad things during the week, among which we noticed gambling, stag-dancing, horse racing and drunkenness.

The smelting company's furnace will start up as soon as the new furnace plates arrive from the Salt Lake foundry. They are expected here by the 5th of January.

Christmas morning was ushered in bright and early in Bullion with the extraordinary sight of a Swan on the back of a cayuse, with the latter's tail tastefully decorated with a half dozen tin cans.

We are unable to give the particulars of the marriage in high life that was to take place in Bullion this week, but when it does come off, we will treat the readers of the Record to something rich, rare, and racy.

The Smelting Company, of which Mr. Godby, Sr., is President, started their smelters on antimony ore, at Antimony City, Utah, about two weeks ago. We believe this is the second reduction works of the kind in the country.

We would suggest for the consideration of the brethren, that they march in force to Bullion some Sabbath afternoon, taking the gospel and a half dozen hymn books along, as one solitary brand rescued from the burning, you know, is worth the trial.

The Chinese residents of Bullionville are inveterate gamblers, and with no law restrictions, or burly policeman, to interrupt their pleasant opium dreams, or mar the enjoyment of their national game of "tan," their existence is no doubt an enjoyable one, from a Chinese standpoint.

Young Peterson, who is employed by the Culverwells, had a horse, saddle and bridle stolen Christmas night from in front of McMahon's saloon. The animal was a small gray, with a stump tail, and if anybody can give any information in regard to the horse, it will be thankfully received, as the boy can ill afford to lose the animal.

Brother Anderson treated the patrons of his concert saloon Christmas morning to a Parisian "can can," whereas Madam Lottie and Mrs. A., the two favorite prima donas, appeared to great advantage, and were ably seconded by Miss Sally Pinto and Miss Deal Beat. The scene was one deserving of the pencil of a Police Gazette artist.

We visited the skating rink, opposite the Culverwells ranch, a few days since, and took a telescopic view of our village belles, as they gracefully glided over the frozen surface, and while lost in admiration of the beautiful scene, we could not help but think of the unjustness of the comparison that was drawn between their feet and a Mississippi flatboat, for there was not one on the ice, that we could see, that could not comfortably wear a No. 25 piece of sole leather.

The dance given by Johnny Smith, at Social Hall, last Friday evening, was a terpsichorean treat of unusual brilliancy.

The Hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and with the many-lured costumes worn by the ladies, the scene presented an animated appearance that we have never seen equalled in the village. The most pleasing feature of the occasion was the dancing of an Irish jig by Miss Belle Pippin, and the rendering of a couple of sentimental love songs by Messrs. Eastmond and Hunt.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—Charles Stein, of the world renowned Panaca Saloon, did not forget the good little boys on Christmas day, and therefore has the thanks of the Record for the present of a couple of boxes of fragrant cigars. The Record wishes friend Charles a Happy New Year, and when Christmas arrives again may his bleeding heart, which was recently so cruelly shivered into fragments, be cemented together so potentially that all the females in the land will never again be able to burst it.

SAN TURK, who has been in the service of J. Myers & Bro. dry goods and clothing house of Poché for the past three years, left on Wednesday for the Bay. After rusticiating in the village of San Francisco several days, amusing himself demolishing strawberries, he will then proceed to Tombstone, Arizona, where he will enter the store of Myers & Bro. at that place.

The prize doll raffled off Christmas day was reported to have been won by little Lottie Blair, but as an individual living at the lower end of town produced the winning ticket, the doll was turned over to him.

Several very handsome presents have been sent to the young men of Poché by the young ladies of Taquerville, Utah.

STAIR UP.—One of the most thorough smash ups that ever took place in Poché occurred a little past 8 o'clock Saturday night. A couple of our frisky boys—one of them who had his heart all hurried up—were returning from Bullionville, and out at the Alps mine the road jumped from beneath the buggy wheels, upsetting the vehicle and mixing the occupants up with the rocks. They boys gathered themselves up, righted the buggy, and as it was broken, the horses were unhitched and one of the parties walked to town for the purpose to send out a man and another vehicle to bring in the wreck and the other man. The first party that came to town indeed made a sorry appearance, with his face all scratched and covered with blood, and we don't blame the girl for throwing off so such a looking object. He said nothing to any person about the mishap, but quietly went to bed. A little over an hour after his appearance in town, persons hearing a noise up Meadow Valley street, looked up and they saw the sparks flying and heard the racket of the runaway. On dashed the horses down the steep grade, the fire flying at every jump of the animals. As the horses turned the corner of Main street, the buggy struck the telegraph pole and flew into splinters, the horses breaking loose and disappearing in the darkness. The crowd rushed to the pieces of buggy, and commenced searching amidst the wreck for the dead men. One sympathizing individual remarked: "Well, there is one good thing about it; we will have a funeral Monday, and that will make things a bit lively on Christmas."

"Yes," chimed in Mr. Tenderheart, with a tear in his left optic, "the poor fellows will never again require the use of a heating stove to prevent their freezing." While another party declared that the dead should have a good send off. All the boys with their trumpets should compose the band and that the Doctor should be the Grand Marshal, mounted on a white horse, and parade the solemn cortege through the streets. But when the pieces of the demolished vehicle was gathered up, and no dead men found, a murmur of disappointment passed through the crowd. Upon a person recognizing a fragment as belonging to the buggy in which the Pochéers drove out in, some little excitement was occasioned; but on a party stating that the Pochéers had returned, for that he had seen one of them on the street over an hour ago, this enshrouded the wreck deeper in mystery, and all attempt to solve the very strange conundrum of "How could a man, loaded up with that which cheers, beat a runaway team into town over an hour?" and though all confessed a man in such condition was capable of accomplishing many wonderful feats, this one was beyond their comprehension. As No. 2 was not seen or could not be found, a man was sent out to search for him, and met him walking to town. It appears that No. 2, having become tired waiting for some one to come after him, hitched up the horses as best he could, and the horses becoming tired waiting for No. 2 to get in the buggy, started home without him. The result was, there was no funeral on Christmas, and it was a very dull day.

At a meeting of the Trustees of Poché School District, twenty dollars was voted to Mr. H. Eilers, for damage done by the school children to his building adjoining the school-house. Mr. Eilers in turn donated the above amount back to the school fund.

J. C. LYNCH departed for Salt Lake on Friday, taking with him a large quantity of ore from mines at Stampede and Jackrabbit, which he intends having tested in that city.

NEXT Monday the New Year will commence, and it is to be hoped that it will be more prosperous than the year which is now fading away has been.

The sale of the delinquent stock of the Day Company will take place on the 15th day of January, at the office of the company in San Francisco.

PROSPECTORS report considerable snow at certain points along the ranges, but as yet very little snow has fallen in this locality.

The weather continues as pleasant as a person could wish for. The mornings and evenings are a little cool.

JOE COOK has purchased the State Bank Building.

J. T. MOORE left during the week for Arizona.

General Sherman, being accused of having a Presidential bee in his bonnet, was recently interviewed upon the subject, and thus declared himself: "You see, I cannot be fool enough to decline what is not offered, but why do I want turn from a prospect of rest and peace at least for a period of years, to the delusion of four years in an office that is just hell? That's what it is. It is hell. What did General Harrison get out of it? Nothing but a month of misery. What did General Taylor get out of it? Twelve months of misery. What did Grant get out of it? Do I want to resign this competence Congress has bestowed on me for four years of hell? What did Hayes get out of the Presidency? What did Garfield? Take them all within your memory. What did they get? Nothing but worry, trouble and misunderstanding."

A wealthy stock-broker passing along the street surprises a ten-year-old urchin with his hand in the stockbroker's pocket attempting to perform the handkerchief trick. "You young scoundrel!" he exclaims with severity, "are you not ashamed of yourself to steal—at your age?"—[N. Y. World.]

Massachusetts has 6,300 German voters, against 47,000 Irish voters.

EAGLE VALLEY.

Mr. Warren has moved his family from Spring Valley into Eagle, for the purpose of sending the children to school. Having a heated family comfortably in a house convenient to the school, belonging to Mr. Wynas (who has no family), he has gone on a trip to Utah, where he expects to remain until spring. Mr. Moody, their teacher, has a snug little school, composed of nineteen scholars, and all doing well. But one sentiment exists in the district; that is, that George is a kind-hearted pedagogue, that he has succeeded admirably in maintaining the proprieties of the school-room, advancing the scholars, and at the same time winning the affection of the boys, while presumably keeping on the right side of the girls. The pupils did not last long, as under Mr. Moody's patient and persevering tuition they soon fledge into good readers, a fact which he wrought in so short a time as to delight the pupils and prove to the parents that George is worthy of his charge. His discipline is the talk of the neighborhood. This is Mr. Moody's first school, and he has succeeded in accomplishing a high standard of deportment, actual and un-manipulated, and also escaped that universal and all-damaging charge of partiality. His commands are all moulded into the interrogative and are in every sense a simple request tempered, as they are, by that gentle and magnetic firmness, without which the teacher is but a farce, a laughing stock and a scare-crow. They appeal to the respect, inspire the confidence, excite the admiration, and become the supreme desire of the scholar. Unless they tar and feather him on the last day, George will be able to point to his record with the pride of hard-earned success. It is the intention of the Directors to secure the services of Mr. Moody for another term, at the expiration of which, as Mr. Lytle says, they will all know more than a mule can pack.

Stock men in this section say their herds are in prime condition and are going into winter quarters in better shape than for many years. Messrs. Cumerliss and Francis have a fine band of stock that they propose driving to Dakota as soon as the grass starts in the spring. Should their success in cattle raising in Dakota prove equal to their skill in ranching in Rose Valley, they will do passably well. Mr. Glisan has always contended that he had the best ranch in Lincoln county, and when Mr. Francis literally tore it up by the roots and tickled it till it gave a return of 75 bushels of barley to the acre, besides a fine crop of corn as ever was produced in the Eastern part of Nevada, potatoes and other vegetables to correspond, Mr. Glisan was pleased with so good a result, and well he might be, to say nothing of the best ranch in the county. Fat horses and runaways will be a daily occurrence on the ranch, unless the driver is up to snuff with the ribbons. When Mr. Glisan leads out a thorough-bred to water, the animal moves with his head in the clouds, and his tail in the breeze, a snort, a plunge, and a "whoa Nell," the horse is half way to Dry Valley. Mr. Glisan will have to reduce the feed else carry his horse water in a pail.

The people in Eagle know how to spend Christmas. Gimcracks, fol-de-rols, firecrackers and red-top boots for the children, associated with good dinners, pleasant visits, happy jokes, and all that there is in life worth living for. The valley was just brimful of merriment; wish-bones were put over the doors and the J. P. was hid up in the corner. Some of the boys, for want of courage, crawled in at the windows, not once thinking that the windows, and every possible ingress, was fortified by the lucky wish-bone, but it was the case. There is but one alternative for those boys, for the girls say they will live and die old maids right there if the boys don't tumble and come to terms.

EAGLE COR.

Dec. 26th.

"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in America."

GEO. C. MATHEWS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

POCHÉ, - - - NEVADA.

SETTLE UP.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO ME are hereby notified to come forward and settle before the 1st day of January, 1883, or suit will be commenced for the collection of the same.

J. HOFFMAN.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I HAVE appointed Henry Riepe as my agent out at Bristol, Lincoln County, Nevada. He has full power to transact my business in general—collect and pay bills. The public is hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted, except such debts contracted by the said Henry Riepe, in his official capacity as my agent.

RICHARD A. RIEPE.

Poché, December 13, 1882. d16-1m

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned intends to make application for the return to him of Revolutionary Bounty Land Serp. No. 1007, which was paid by him in making Poché Cash Entry No. 4, for the NE 1/4 of SW 1/4 and the NW 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of Section 13, Township 1, North of Range 67, East of the Mount Diablo Base and Meridian. The Cash Receipt, issued by the Receiver of said office at the time said entry was made, and for said scrip, has been lost, and said undersigned is the owner thereof and entitled thereto.

MURKS.

HENRY RIEPE.

J. POUJADE'S ADVERTISEMENT.

The Cash System is the Only True System.

J. POUJADE

IS NOT SELLING OUT,

Though his Prices are Uniformly Low;
so Low that it does not pay any
one to Send Abroad for
Goods in his Line.

I am now, after an experience of several years, manufacturing a better article of

COFFEE

Than ever before, and am giving more for the money than ever before. I sell it

Pure or Adulterated,

AS THE CONSUMER REQUIRES.

GREEN COFFEE

In lots of from 1 lb. to 1 ton; and to the Trade I will give Prices on Large Lots which will defy competition from San Francisco or Eastern jobbing houses.

I am also prepared to give

Smokers of Cigars

the full value of 8c., 15c. or 25c. in the weed, having made purchases in person, and selecting from the very Best Brands of Key West and Havana goods. Name your price and you will get its value every time.

IN WINES & LIQUORS

I will not be excelled for Quality, and in General Groceries I shall continue to keep a First-Class Fresh Stock. You may say that "Talk is Cheap," but the thousands of people who have bought more or less from me will verify my words.

I will Sell for CASH Only. Keeping no Accounts excepting those secured by Collateral.

J. POUJADE.